The Bystander, March 13, 1918.—No. 745. Vol. LVII.

# The BYSTANDER

WILHELM: "Ve vos tourist. Ve comes to see der famous 'Rising Sun.' Vere ees it?"
NIPPON: "I am IT!"

# BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

### Detaching the Allies

GERMANY'S attempts to separate the Allies from one another by means of the Hidden Hand as well as the Mailed Fist have met with a certain measure of success. Russia has gone; and in her crash has dragged down Rumania with her. But the Allies who remain in the field may be trusted to take careful note of the fate of those who have concluded peace. The Reichstag's word of "no annexations and no indemnities" has gone the way of Germany's earlier bonds; and Russia and Rumania have learnt in the bitter school of experience that to trust the word of a German is like trying to make a pet of a tiger.

### Rumania's Plight

WITH Russia it is impossible to sympathise. She has not only broken her word to the Great Powers who were her allies, but she has let down the smaller Balkan States who trusted in her. Rumania has been forced to the conclusion of a peace which robs her of the Dobrudja; and has to pay a heavy indemnity. To say that all decent British sympathy is with her is far below the mark, for besides sympathy there must inevitably be a considerable self-reproach. If our own Balkan diplomacy had not been so fatuous, Rumania would never have fallen on these evil days. Germany's "detachment" policy will no doubt next be directed to Belgium and Serbia, which have lost within an ace of their all. But both would rather lose everything than make a peace with the German.

### Aurora Borealis—or Ignis Fatuus?

LAST Thursday's starlight-cum-Northern Lights raid was an unwelcome surprise to Londoners, who had begun to acquire a sensation of absolute safety so long as the moon was below the horizon. Whether the Aurora Borealis display actually took place or was merely a bit of official camouflage I am not in a position to say. Until this explanation came out the general opinion was that the lights came from a series of big fires to the north of London. One of those extraordinarily well-informed people who are always ready to give others the benefit of their vivid imaginations told me that they were a brand-new kind of pink light for guiding our aeroplanes home; and added (a pretty touch!) that he had watched our planes gliding down between them!

SWEDEN: "What are you doing on my doorstep?"
WILHELM: "Only temporary, my dear—only temporary, I assure you"

### A Home Heroine

EVERY day we read of instances of "most conspicuous valour," and we may take it for granted that for every one we read of there are a thousand equally splendid unrecorded; but I think that as brave as any was the conduct of that old lady of over eighty who was pinned down beneath the wreckage of her home in Thursday night's raid, and only kept alive by oxygen and brandy let down to her in a tube. When the rescuers were, after five or six hours' tremendous exertions, getting near to release her, she found strength and pluck enough to say: "I can hold out a little longer." Isn't that splendid? And what an example to plenty of men in England to-day! If that old lady has a soldier grandson with the V.C. I should think he would never rest till she wore it herself!

### Mr. John Redmond

MR. REDMOND is dead. So far as Ireland is concerned Mr. Redmond has been dead many months. I was in the House of Commons when he made his great speech on the declaration of war. As he left the Chamber a great Irish Unionist ran up to him and said: "Your plea to Ireland to fight with

(Continued on page 542)

# How Jellico Scapanius (Cæsar) Fell

GEDDESIUS BRUTUS: "If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:
Not that I loved Cæsar less but that I loved Rome more"

CARSONIUS ULSTA: "But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there
. . . . . .
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men"

*BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)*

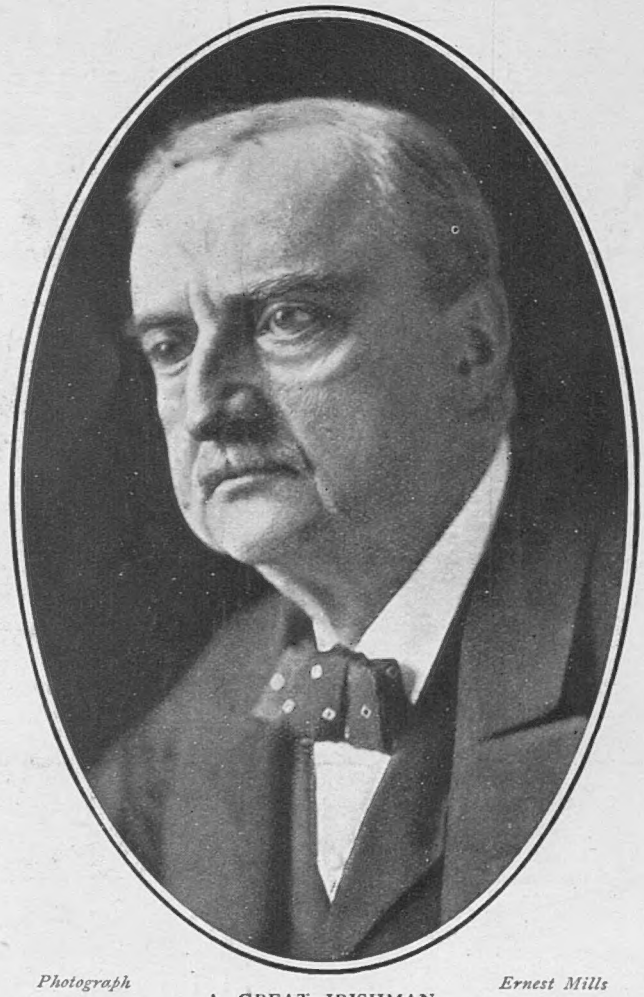
us against Germany has won Home Rule!" Mr. Redmond merely shook his head and passed on. He knew better. He knew that many of his followers would never fight, and in that moment he realised why.

### A Man Against Himself

FOR years before he himself had been preaching the other thing; and his party in Ireland was what Parnell and he, and others before them, and tragic misrule, and, at times, grave and grievous wrongs, had made it. *He* was big enough and great enough to rise to a new conception in a great emergency, and he did it. But he could not carry his people in a speech against the teachings of years and years. I believe that Mr. George would cut off his right hand if he had not "Limehoused"; but to what end? He *did* "Limehouse," and much of our present labour troubles are due to that and to what has been built up on it.

### Labour Troubles

SHIP shortage is grave, as all who have read the First Lord's speech must admit. But why? Give Labour too small a wage and the men strike. Give them a good wage and they work short, so that they have time to spend their money. The wage all the time looks big and dwarfs the war. What is to be done? Well, something that the politicians cannot do and will not try to do. The crying need is for stern and ruthless control of an absolutely vital industry in the interests of the whole nation. Once again State Socialism has failed lamentably. The yards under private control did their work well. Now, with Government officials everywhere, the managing director has practically to touch his cap and beg pardon for saying anything. It is all horribly wrong, to the point of Empire tragedy; and where it will end and how it will end—who knows? *It must all be changed.*



*Photograph* *Ernest Mills*

A GREAT IRISHMAN

**The late Mr. John Redmond, leader of the Nationalist Party, whose death is a loss not only to his country, but to the Empire**

### A Tank Yarn

THE Tanks are doing famously, but I have just heard a story of what happened a little while ago in a remote suburban town. A pushing gentleman, who was no orator but was dying to prove himself a patriot—and freely advertised at that in the local Press—mounted the tank and made a wordy and very pointless speech. He was interrupted halfway by an honest fellow: "Look 'ere, guv'nor—what drives that tank?" The orator wiped his brow and stammered out: "Ladies and gentlemen, our good friend here asks what drives this tank. The motive power of this tank when in action is, of course—petrol!" "Then," demanded the interrupter, "why has it a gas-bag on top."

### "Ne Sutor Supra Crepidam"

WHY people should think that a man who can write a series of really good novels must therefore be an infallible authority on political matters, is difficult of comprehension. In the case of Mr. H. G. Wells there is, perhaps, some reason for this view being taken; for his vivid imagination foresaw many developments of modern and especially of aerial warfare. But the hold he thereby attained on the public ear is misused when he gives out, in a couple of columns of a daily newspaper, his views on the subject of the future of Africa and the African races. One would forgive these as being merely visionary if Mr. Wells were not so utterly wrong in the facts on which he bases his theories. But the refutation of his facts, made by a man who really does know all there is to be known about Africa, is relegated to a less conspicuous part of the paper in question; and, naturally perhaps, carries no weight with the general public. Argument based on unsound premises is worse than mischievous. Let Mr. Wells give us more "Tono-Bungay" and less talk.

### What They Like in the House

FABER set a little trap
To catch a little Pringle,
And give his knuckles such a rap,
And make his ears to tingle.

"Geddes"—Pringle growls—"alone
'S allowed to read his speeches!"
"Don't you ever read your own?"
Asks Faber, soft as peaches.

With "No, Sir!" (unsuspecting sells)
Pringle rocks the rafter:
"Nor does anybody else!"
Raps Faber (shouts of laughter!).

# Well Known to the Y.M.C.A. in France

*Photograph* *Yevonde*

MRS. CHANDOS LEIGH

Who is now taking a well-earned rest in England after twelve months' unceasing work with the Y.M.C.A. across the Channel. Her husband gained the D.S.O. and was killed in action in France in 1914

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# "IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

## A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE.*

LONDON, *March* 11, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

THE comforting thing in life—I think it was a woman who said it—is that happiness comes from within, not from without. But women, on the whole, are not disposed all the same to bank too freely on the "within" chance—not, anyway, when spring is on the way and there may come, any moment one of those days which, as Mr. Hugh Walpole says in "The Green Mirror," "are given sometimes, in a fit of forgetfulness, by the gods at the beginning of March."

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YOU know the sort of day—"soft and misty," says Mr. Walpole, "with the sun warm and golden, but veiled, the trees on the blue horizon faintly pink, streams pigeon-colour. Everywhere the earth breaking, chuckling, whispering, humming with the glorious excitement of its preparation as though it had never had a spring in all its life before . . ."

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THERE'S another in another of the spring's best books—Gilbert Cannan's "The Stucco House." "It was one of those days when the great winds of winter have blown away the mists and fumes, and even in the towns the air is eager and seems already to promise the coming of spring—spring that in England seems ever to be urging on the seasons that it may come again to its time of glory, all too brief, but so powerful as to make light of all the profanations of the year . . . Oh, spring, the sweet spring, does so leap and flame through the island character that it needs no other virtue, no other source of knowledge."

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AND being nothing if not the closest thing there is to Nature, woman, too, is stirred—to reclothe herself, and "in the fire of spring her winter garments of repentance fling." Literally, I know of hardly a single one who'll face, as any man will, in the same clothes she's worn all winter, the lightening, lengthening days. Something deep down in her—perhaps, who knows, the imitative sense we derive from Simian forefathers?—rebels. All the world in a new gown and she still in her old one—impossible! The gardens and the parks, and the trees, and the shops, bursting into colour and beauty, and she alone out of the picture—I'm afraid no happiness within is sufficient bulwark against *that* onslaught. Woman, the practical, the materialist, prefers the more outward, tangible kind.

SOUVENT FEMME VARIE

Being a girl who followed Fashion
With a white-hot, consuming passion,
Belinda wore, in '17,
The kind of frock that here is seen

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DIFFERENCE being the whole essence of the happiness that comes from the adornment of the female form divine, it follows, of course, that to attain it, war or no war, we simply must have new and changing fashions every time. Economists may exhort, and peeresses plead, and Bonars budget, and provision merchants profiteer, and tanks insistently tease us for our Treasury Notes, but woman, bless her, goes on just the same—only *quite* different! In this spring of 1918, in the midst of the fourth year of war, in Britain's "darkest and most dangerous hour," she's changed herself right over, and for those who wear "the right" clothes, the clothes they wore last year are as unthinkable and impossible as a Bolshevik Government or a German peace.

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NOT, needless to say, because they've exactly worn them to shreds, or come through at the elbows, or anything drastic like that. There hasn't been time for *that* since they changed the fashions last time. It's simply *happened*, as it happens every spring, that's all. Woman has wearied of being the fluffy, frilly, full-skirted figure of last year. She is now once again simply and straightly draped in the minimum of material (war economy that) and the maximum of silk stocking—which at a guinea a pair,

(*Continued on page 546*)

Thus clad, a subtle charm she'd weave,
Round Bobby, home on ten days' leave;
Oh! Bobby simply loved her in it!
And told her so three times a minute!

and two pairs a week at least, rather tips the balance the other way. But you can't have everything, can you?

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AND those of us—they get fewer and fewer—who still wear neither khaki, Navy blue, nor nursing kit, must do something to keep our end up. After all, you know, we do amuse people and give 'em something to talk about and shake their heads at and what not. Life's such a horrid wash-out, anyway, in war-time that I'm not sure looking pricelessly "it" isn't a sort of war-work too. If we all got into service clothes—even if we all ought to—make it an awfuller war than ever, wouldn't it? And women, too, have got to stand up against the stage-crowd. It doesn't do to provoke the on-leaver to too obviously not-in-*our*-favour comparisons, and there'll be *very* few actresses left in anything but tight frocks by the time the new moon's at the full, I bet you.

But in the imminent deadly spring
Fashion's old forms have taken wing;
And this is how Belinda goes,
Slight, tight, and *right*, from top to toes!

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APROPOS, she'll be at the full for Easter, which'll make going out of town a more than usually popular proposition, won't it? Only these early Easters are generally the coldest of their kind, and it's not going to make a chilly morning exactly a warm one—is it?—calling it summer time, which we are to, you know, from Lady Day onwards. Not that there isn't, of course, a lot in a name. In England, anyway, their names are almost all that distinguish the seasons, which have a disconcerting habit of taking each other's turns and appearing in several bits rather than in one long, satisfying chunk.

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LAST week's return to winter at its wildest, for instance—my goodness, but it *was* cold! Most pathetic sight I've seen for years—some of those flag-sellers on the bitterest St. David's Day I've ever heard of! Picture to yourself, standing about with a tray of flags (not too much wrapt up, 'cos you can't look like a mummy, it drives away custom) and accosting cross, nipped wayfarers in a north-east wind that a cat wouldn't *think* of going out in, not if it was ever so! I'm told that only the *plainest* stood it out after lunch-time. The rest remained within the shelter of the hotels where, if there isn't much food, there's plenty of society—London's more choc-a-bloc than ever, and I'm not sure the restaurant proprietors won't be richer soon even than our soap kings and things. A modest shilling or two would be quite a good price to pay for the sort of dinners now served up at the old pre-war figure, namely, half a guinea or so.

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WHAT a patient people we are, aren't we? No ramp seems too outrageous to us; and the spectacle of a man making his fortune by the simple process of charging double, or even treble, for everything he sells, awakes our admiration rather than our anger, or even contempt. After all, if people *will* be fools you must, I suppose, expect someone to have the sense to take advantage of them.

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BUT the cold snap scored in one direction—kept the Hun and his Gothas off, for which we were truly thankful. The air-raid is a demoralising business whether you mind it or whether you don't. With the spring, you know, they say they're properly going to put us through it—the Hun airmen, I mean. But more people still come daily into the capital than go out of it, and few and far between indeed are the Londoners leaving London because of air-raids.

So, when the German "push" is o'er,
And Bobby comes on leave once more,
What he will say I scarce can tell—
Perhaps: "That *you*, Belinda? WELL!!!"

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NOR has their fairly sure and certain arrival next week (with March's first moon) damped in the very least that social ardour which London alone of all the European capitals continues to show in almost all things. The theatres continue on their path of prosperity. Two new (and far from war-economy) *revues* are amongst the week's productions, and could you but take a peep inside, say, Drury Lane, any old night, you'd know that opera-lovers, anyway, aren't forsaking their mistress not for any old war.

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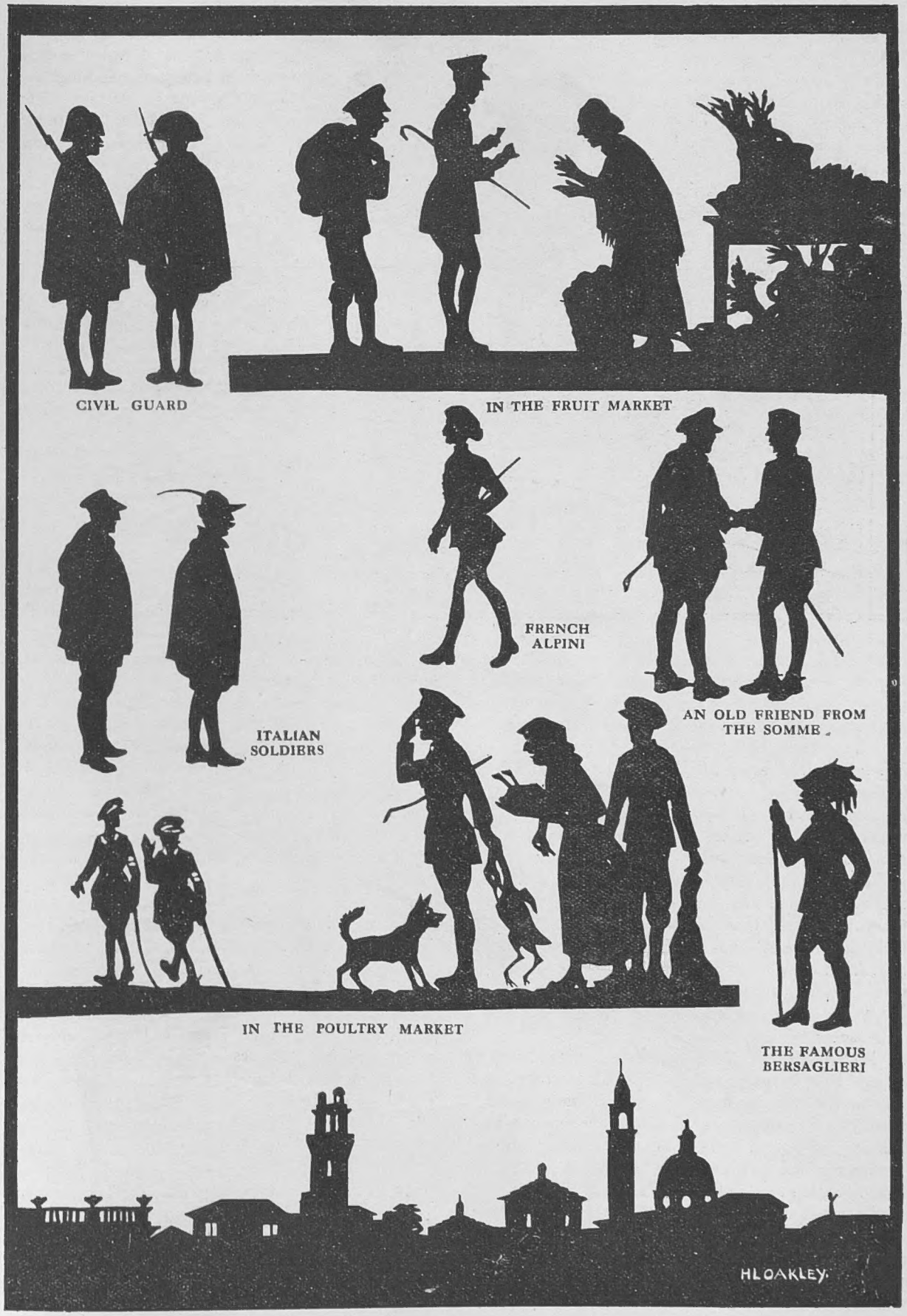
BUT really *aren't* we wonderful—to have time to patronise, much less to produce, grand opera in war-time, I mean? Stories of the small reserves of men here, the lack of labour there, the demand

(*Continued on page 548*)

# Snips from the City in Silhouette




PASSED BY CENSOR

We present another page of Lieutenant Oakley's remarkable pictures, cut out with an incredible dexterity and delicacy of touch. "It is always a pleasant change," he says, "for an infantry officer in Italy to get a day or two in town after a spell in the trenches. These silhouettes show a Mess President purchasing necessaries—and a few luxuries. He meets many types of the allied troops and his luckier brethren from corps and G.H.Q."

PRINCE HENRY AS AN OARSMAN

On St. Davíd's Day the Procession of Boats was held at Eton. Our photograph shows the "Dreadnought" in the procession, with Prince Henry (who leaves Eton after this term for Sandhurst) rowing 4

"*IN ENGLAND—NOW!*" (*concluded*)

for service in this place, and the woeful want of workers in that, are an unfailing part of every day's topics of conversation. I never know whether to admire it or to deprecate—the way we go on as usual while the earth quakes beneath our feet, and every week more than fifty million pounds sterling of the country's money, not to speak of the pouring out of the country's best and bravest blood, is flung into a bottomless pit. But I suppose, on the whole, one should admire. There's, anyway, a simply tremendous *sang froid* in a people who can run such a war as this is and run also here in London alone—*how* many *revues?*

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By the way, we are implored to use less light so as to save coal. Wonder how rationed lighting would affect the amusement places, which depend so tremendously on cunning and extravagant illumination for half their effects and effectiveness? Think, for instance, how sustaining it's been on a meatless day, say at the Carlton, to know that though our tummies might go short, our complexions, at any rate, rejoiced in the most becoming setting in London. And what is more depressing than the kind of play where things happen in a stage half-light? While what would happen to some of our stage "beauties" were the Coal Controller to ration footlights—well, this is no time to contemplate *more* horrors, is it?

卐 卐

Apropos, the jam in the dough-nut, the sixpence in the pudding, the milk in the cocoanut, the pearl in the oyster—in a word, the "most interesting feature" (see Press notices) of *the* smart charity matinée of the week (which is in aid of the charitable funds of the Irish Guards) is "the presentation of a new film showing society ladies engaged in war-work." Isn't that delicious? And were there ever such snobs as we English are—except, I suppose, the democratic American or the rank-ridden German?

卐 卐

Truth is, of course, that charity matinée organisers are fairly cleaned out of ideas. All the "pros" have all done their turns for years and years and years, and the "Society ladies" not "engaged in war-work" have also posed all their poses and recited all their pieces till they're (nearly) as tired of the business as their audiences are. I foresee quite a vogue for the new Society "movies"—if the movie-man's done his part manfully. I mean, there's an *immense* public, you know, will go *miles* to see a duchess doing, say, the pillow-patting, shall-I-read-to-you-my-poor-fellow touch "in her hospital at Le Blank."

卐 卐

And a queue of peeresses (names reading from left to right) filmed while they waited for their "marge" would make a fortune in a fortnight for a "live" producer. The wonderful photographs at the Grafton Galleries, and those arresting (and terrible) pictures by Nevinson at the Leicester, may be real live bits of war, but what the public likes are snappy little bits of life.

With love, yours ever,

Blanche

# A Tigris Tragedy

PASSED BY CENSOR

Being the distressing experience of Lieutenant Jenks on his way to Baghdad

# "Somewhere in Flanders"

## "LES DÉSENCHANTÉS"

My Dear Bystander—

Robbins brought us the news as we sat at dinner. "Well, they're here at last," he announced, his face beaming.

"Who?" we asked without enthusiasm. "The Huns? Tell 'em we're not at home!"

"Huns be damned!" said Robbins. "It's the goods this time, I can tell you. The entire American staff arrived this morning at the hospital, and the peach season opens to-morrow. It's a cinch every time! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

⁂ ⁂

A thrill went through us as Robbins spoke these words. Here, right at our door, in the middle of this dreary waste, we were at last to know the refining and softening influence of woman.

⁂ ⁂

We felt that we must go and call at once, if only for Robbins's sake. Robbins used to run a cinema in Valparaiso, and it is his proud boast that he was the first man to introduce Charlie Chaplin to the Western hemisphere. However, in spite of this remarkable stroke of enterprise, the business failed owing to a man named Scheidel, of Wiesbaden, who built a larger and more beautiful cinema exactly opposite. Robbins is now looking out for an heiress so that, when the war is over, he may buy the building next door to Scheidel and open a palace still larger and even more beautiful. We felt that Robbins ought to get busy at once, before the competition got too hot.

"What you must decide," said Thomas, "is whether you are going officially or not. If you go up to look at the drains, or see that the staff has got its papers in order, you are bound to receive the attention and even respect which is the due of those who represent the British Army in the field, whereas if you just go and call on a hospital, just settling down and yearning to get busy with the war, it is possible you may be regarded as mere triflers."

We pondered over this.

⁂ ⁂

"We will go," said Robbins, "semi-officially, and call on the matron. We will ask her if we can do anything for her, and also how her father is. We will find out if the hospital lights are adequately masked, and if not, why not; and then I will casually ask her if she happened to be at the World's Fair in 1911, because I seem to remember having met her before. She is certain to be one of those cheery, rather stout, matrons, overflowing with enthusiasm and *joie de vivre*, she will urge us to stay and have tea, and will introduce us all round the place. It will be simply great!"

⁂ ⁂

We called the following afternoon at exactly four o'clock. We had expected to find a group of shacks run up in the middle of a bare field. We found instead a building like a large jam factory, with every modern convenience.

The matron's office, we were told, was on the first floor. It seemed her nationality was Scotch.

"Come in," said a voice in response to our timorous knock.

A thin, dried-up woman with white hair and small, beady grey eyes, sat writing at a desk. She laid down her pen and eyed us with suspicion.

"What," she asked, in a hard, metallic voice, "can I do for you, gentlemen?" It was Miss Murdstone resurrected!

"Oh!" began Robbins, feverishly, "we—that is to say you—I mean my friend here is—ah—interested in hospitals—awfully interested. We—that is to say he—would be—ah—very glad—er—to look over the hospital, if you understand what I mean."

The matron glanced at her watch. "I am afraid we are very busy," she iced, "but if your friend is able to call on Monday morning at 7.30 I may possibly be able to show him the abdominal ward. Will that suit him?"

We thanked her profusely and withdrew.

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson.

*Official Photograph*

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

There is a curious suggestion of the atmosphere of Bunyan's parable in this photograph of officers wading through the slush in the front line trenches in France. They are in the slough, right enough, but it is not the Slough of Despond

*BAIRNSFATHER ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.*

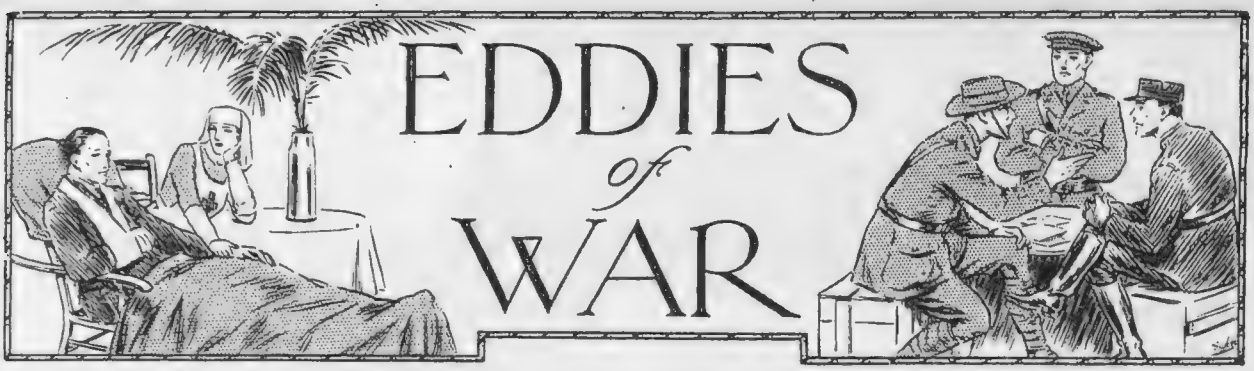
# A Visit to the Alpini

PASSED BY CENSOR

## ONE OF THOSE BALKAN MUDDLES

His father was a Czech, but his mother was a Serb. He used to live in Bohemia but his sympathies are all Italian. Fought for the Austrians in Galicia owing to his love of the Croats and Magyars. Suspected of being a Slovac or a Ruthenian, he was sent to the Italian Front, where he slipped on a banana skin in Goritzia and was captured

*BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER*




## "FINDING THE NEEDLE." BY DELL LEIGH

In the days of which I write Smith had few friends. They are very recent days, but events move rapidly now, and now Smith has many—me, for example; and half the club smoking-room offer him old brown sherry before dinner. But then he was an outcast in England because he came from the ends of the earth, from places that England wots not of. He is a quiet man, with no unnecessary words, no artistic sense, and with none of the natural advantages that you and I have so often abused. He has the lean frame of the English Colonial, the steady eyes, and the rather self-effacing manner when moving about on carpets, and in confined spaces. Underneath his adjectival exterior he is well bred, although he would be the first to deny it, and being so, he has imagination, and therefore the sensitiveness that always goes with birth. Wherefore his task was made harder for that reason.

WHERE SERBIA KEEPS HER END UP
General Milne and a French general at a review of troops on the Balkan front in Serbia

⁂ ⁂

He came over here from the back of beyond to fight, and was given a commission very quickly, because he had a short, sharp way with men. But within a very short time of his being commissioned to the Sappers, he got his overseas orders—France. The Field Company to which he was destined had received heavy casualties in mining operations, and Smith was summoned before the Adjutant at Crowborough, and given a draft leave of four days. He proceeded that afternoon to London with a return warrant and a toothbrush, and mapped out his four days' final leave with grave deliberation in the train.

⁂ ⁂

On the evening of the second day he got a telegram at Morley's Hotel, ordering him to proceed overseas next morning, owing to further casualties. He wired back for permission to come and pick up his kit, and received a peremptory telegram: "No; obey orders." As to what followed subsequently I have only managed to extract piecemeal from the reticent Smith; but I know something of the routes over which he travelled, and something of the disgusting loneliness of the whole proceeding, because I have done much the same thing myself in 1914.

⁂ ⁂

He therefore "proceeded" (nobody "goes" in Army or Navy circles), next morning at 6, towards the "port of embarkation" with the toothbrush (no kit at all) a "movement order," and a sinking heart. For you and me it wouldn't have been so bad, because we can generally fall in with someone who knows our people, or who had a relation in our House at school. But for Smith it was hell. He was going to the Front alone, with no kit and no friends, to find the needle of his unit somewhere in the haystack of the Western Front. The mere fact that he travelled alone, and without even a flea bag to show for it, cast him under suspicion. The Embarkation Officer at S—— peered at him in the rain, and was very rude. He was shovelled on board with ill grace, and waited nine dreary hours for the boat to sail. Do you remember what *you* have felt like when you have gone over to Paris, in the days of peace, for a week, and have left your favourite pipe behind? Smith had nothing, and was going up to the trenches. And it was very cold.

⁂ ⁂

At the port of disembarkation, he was reported by the military police to an adjutant of something. This overworked worthy was bored to death at the sight of him. Had no orders about him and wished he was dead. He turned Smith on to copying Army forms in a shed on the quay, which leaked and

# Bakers—But Not Loafers

*Official Photograph*

One of the chief jobs of the W.A.A.C. is to bake the bread for the troops in France. Here, behind the lines, we see the stacks of loaves ready to be taken up to the front

*EDDIES OF WAR (concluded).*

let the rain in all the next night. This didn't suit Smith, who asked permission to go on his wild lone and find his unit. The adjutant said that, for all he cared, Smith could go and find the tomb of Jeroboam. So Smith went.

❋ ❋

He has the curious faculty of making friends with strange men like engine-drivers and railway transport sergeants, so that he eventually arrived, very unshaven, at G.H.Q. by devious routes. Here nobody had a moment to live, and every man's hand was against him. Picture to yourself the loneliness of his reception here. As far as I can unravel the knot he must have forced his presence upon the Staff of one of the Armies sitting over a pow-wow. But he got into the room and was confronted by several Generals and Staff Captains. One of the latter led him outside, and was more or less kind. Smith promptly took advantage of this to ascertain where within fifty miles his Field Company R.E. was supposed to be. He also wangled a seat in a Staff car going South-East that night. The car took him, very unwillingly, to a point of the compass, unknown, where it deposited him in the mud and the rain, at 2.45 a.m. It was a rail-head of sorts; and here again Smith found friends in two sleepy A.S.C. men, who gave him room under tarpaulins covering a ration truck.

The ration truck jolted off at 5, and Smith with it, always in the obscure direction of his unit.

❋ ❋

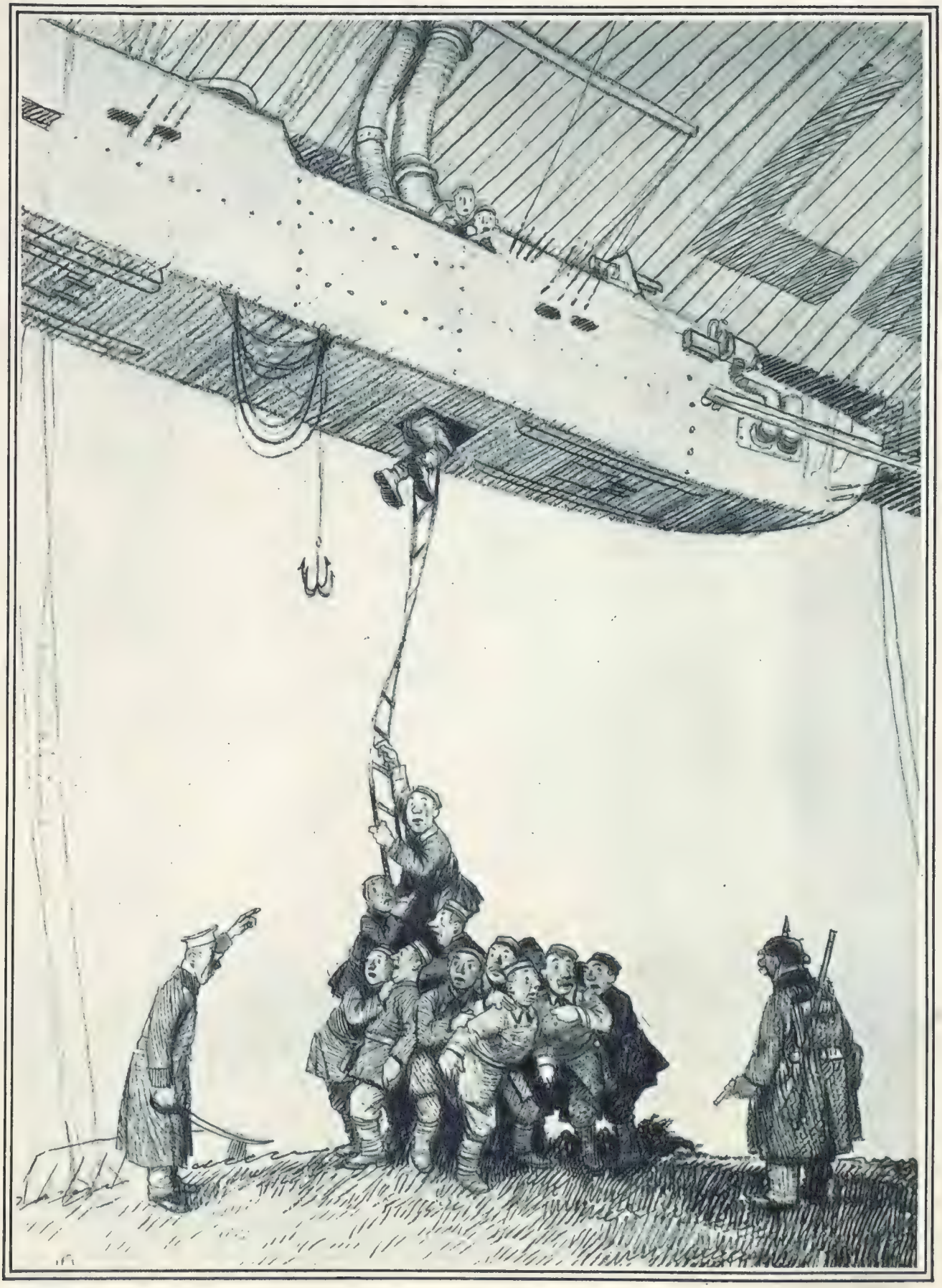
After two more days of sheer determination and wangle, he found it, lodged more or less sumptuously in a shell-pierced château. His C. O. was defiling the Louis XV. sofa in the drawing-room with his field boots.

What amuses Smith (it would not have amused me) is, that when he did eventually report for duty, looking, as he said, like nothing on earth, nobody was glad to see him, nor did anyone ask him if he had had a pleasant journey. On the contrary, they merely told him to carry on.

But I trust I may never have to find the needle in this way. And I am sure you do.

GRABBERS, TO THEIR FINGER TIPS!

# Things I Should Like to See



PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 1.—The crew of a Zeppelin embarking on one of their little "terrorising" trips

# Shrapnel Pars

A CORRESPONDENT of a daily paper insists that what we need is a Pig Controller. For our own part, we are confident of finding that we already possess a thoroughly efficient one in Sir Douglas Haig.

POULTERERS are now allowed to cut up hares and sell portions to customers. But they complain that the Food Controller only worries them by the issue of these hare-splitting regulations.

A PROMINENT nut-cutlet enthusiast has been assuring the *Daily Mail* that voluntary abstention from flesh-food reveals the spirit that wins. He is about as right as his fellow-crank who detects in every glass of beer the spirit that loses.

"THIS war must one day be brought to an end," portentously vaticinates the organ of Mr. Sidney Webb. You need the brain of a "new statesman" to make these profound discoveries.

MR. J. H. WHITLEY suggests that Members of Parliament should be rationed for speeches; that, in other words, they should be compelled to speak by the card.

THE Chairman of Committees asserts that he would like to call: "Order! Order! The hon. member has exhausted his coupon!" Whereupon, of course, the member, if he wished to add to his remarks, would advance to the table and have another snipped off by the clerk.

"PEACE," exclaims a contemporary, "seems a long way ahead. We must clench our teeth." Quite so, but on what?

A SPANISH paper says that Berlin seems to be resolved to continue her outrages until the cup runs over. The worst of these neutrals is they don't know that the cup is running over until they are drowned.

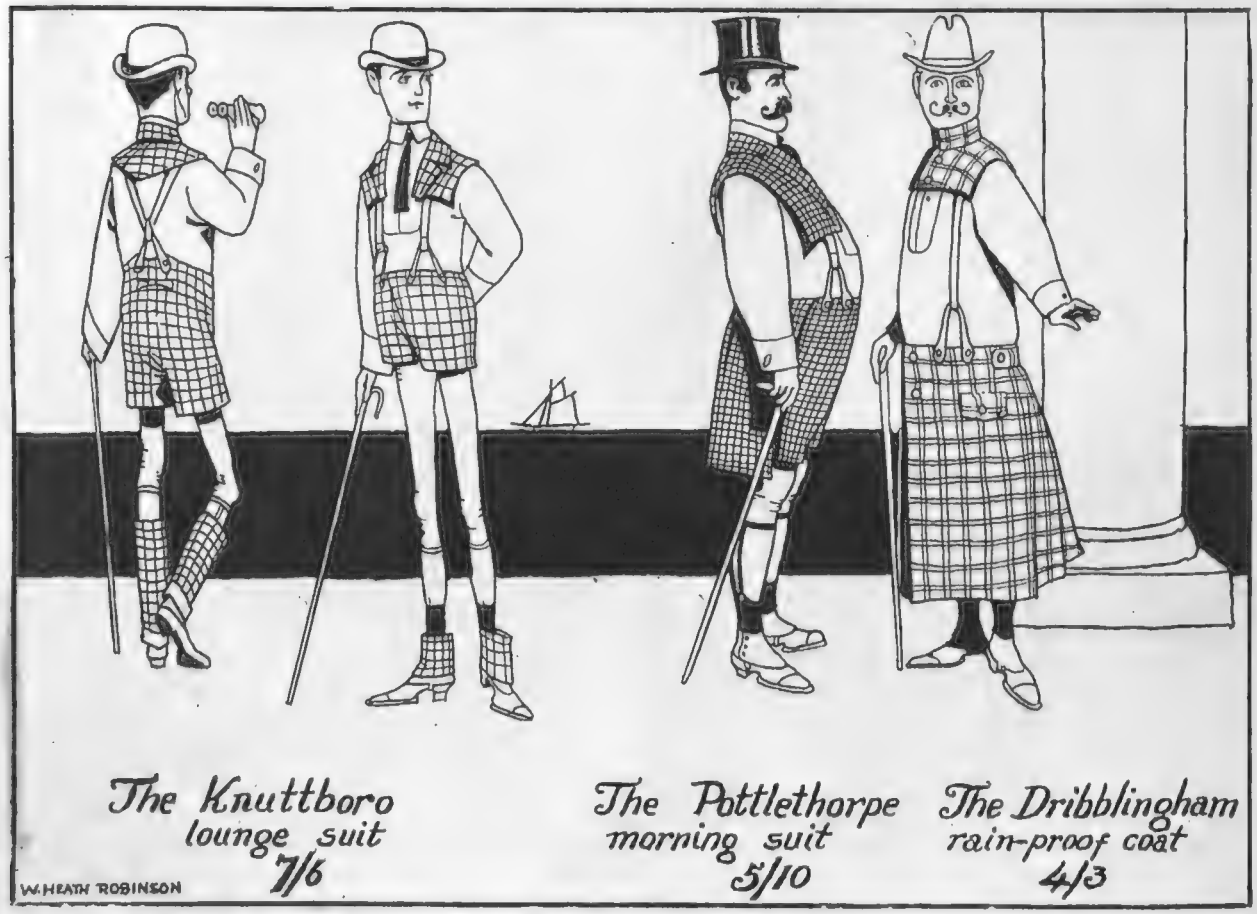
YOU can buy a meatless sausage now. But when couldn't you?

"HERTLING on Peace," shouted a headline the other day. Well, we're drifting towards it, but hardling hurtling. What?

"IT might be the last straw which would raise the storm that would sweep away despotism," exclaims one of our orators. But how if it proved the thin end of the wedge that opened the flood-gates and broke the camel's back?

GERMANY has her knees on Russia's chest. Before long it may be the Hun's turn to have the Japa-nese on his.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE wants the Government to proceed at once with the Channel Tunnel, because "the war may last several years." If it does, it will become a much bigger bore than the tunnel.




NEW FASHIONS FOR 1918
Designed to meet the shortage in tweeds

# From a Balloon Observer's Training Manual

PASSED BY CENSOR

"All apparently natural features should be considered in relation to the general nature of the landscape, as the appearance of a hedge or even a solitary tree may be the cause of the discovery of a concealed battery"

"IT'S A LONG

LANE . . . ."

# At Dusk on the Duck-Boards

*Official Photograph*

A "working party" on the Flanders front starting out for their work as night falls over a deserted waste of water-filled shell-holes

# The Bystander in Paris

## LA RÉVOLTE DES JEUNES FILLES

*Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

"If we were as midinettes with their filleuls"

MES AMIS—

SINCE a long time I have regarded how Jacquelaine was sad. When we went to the shopping or *chez nos amis* it was not much she would talk and she did not any more at all laugh as she had the habitude to do. "Jacquelaine is in love," I think, but it was no word she would tell me.

⁂

SHE have only eighteen years, and at eighteen one is so much in love. It was Irene who told. "Jacquelaine is sad," she said, "because she thinks she will not be married since all the men are to the war. We two together, we are not as you, Agnès. You are calm, you are a *femme savante*, you yourself interest in the literature, but for us if there are not of men, what are we to do?"

⁂

HOW much they had been to discuss it, these two. "It is a situation of gravity," said Irene. "Of so great gravity," said Jacquelaine, and her eyes were of tears. "If we were as *midinettes* with their *filleuls*," said Irene, and she pouted the lips.

"We prefer that each lady has to her a court

"If one were not so respectable," said Jacquelaine. "If there was not of war," said Irene.

⁂

IT was Jacquelaine who said it, very low, because she was a little afraid: "*à bas la guerre.*" So it arrived, the Bolchevism—the Bolchevism of the *jeunes filles*. Even Irene was at once shocked.

⁂

FOR me I try to be philosopher. It is the war—very well. One must endure; and if the long time go past and one finds not a husband—*tant pis*. It is only one sadness of the generation.

⁂

BUT when the little Jacquelaine had said "*à bas la guerre,*" it was the cry of her revolution. She has temperament and she is not very wise of the experience. "In England," she said, "they have not as *chez nous*. All the girls there they marry now like—like the hot cakes. But our officers they are poor, and it is not the marriage they want, *mon Dieu*, for their *permission*, but the flirt. After the war it will be time for them to make a *ménage* and to have regard to some girl with a good *dot*."

⁂

SHE spoke many wicked things about our French life, which is so arranged. "Every one profit," she say, "except the poor *jeune*

(Continued on page 562)

## THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

*fille* and the *poilu*. It is some who make money and the married ones and the widows—oh, how I hate them!—they take the *filleuls* of us."

⁂

FOR so long I argue. "It is for the France," I say, "that we too lose our lives like our *poilus*." "For the France," said Jacquelaine, "for the France, indeed! And what will arrive to the France if we have not the husbands?"

⁂

*C'est bien vrai ça*, but I am not of the temperament revolutionary and, *ma foi*, what is one to do?

⁂

"ONE is still young," I say; but Jacquelaine wished not to be quiet. "One is young, yes," she say, "but it is three years that one has grown older and perhaps that it will be three again. And, anyway, think you there will be the husbands when they have finished to kill, those idiot men. For each man there will, perhaps, to be ten wives, and me I like not that."

⁂

"*Ni moi non plus*," said Irene, who has the temperament more flirt than Jacquelaine. "It is the Boche women who make the harem with the Sultan Boche. In the France we prefer that each lady has to her a court of *messieurs*. But, my faith, in these times one only man—one could be content even with that."

⁂

I THINK that the grandmother of Irene would have been shocked that unmarried girls should so speak. It was not so they did before the war and when she was a girl. One attended then the choice of one's parents, and, it is what they say, one did not think except to do what one was told.

⁂

FOR Irene and me we are patriot. But the little Jacquelaine, when we discussed what would arrive was so much pacifist *defaitiste*. How she was sarcastic against those who were content that their husbands should be parted so long to the war. "It is necessary," she said, "to make the peace."

"Jacquelaine is sad"

⁂

"OH, Jacquelaine!" we said, "One must not do that." "But yes," she answered, "it is to save the France." How to do it, we asked, and she showed how she had written a great proclamation to the unmarried girls in Germany that they should agree with the girls of France to make an end of the war. "But how, but how?" said Irene.

⁂

ONE had not imagined how the little Jacquelaine could think so great a thought, could be so a tragedienne. She regarded us. "We three," she say—"we three could begin. We could make oath and a great society of the young girls in France and in Germany to ourselves suicide, if that the Governments did not make the peace. Listen, you, how it would be if all the *jeunes filles* suicided themselves. There would be the end to the France and the Germany and than that, my faith, the peace is better."

⁂

IT was magnificent to hear her speak so, and we made at once "the club of the suicide for the peace." It was two months ago that happened and because I was appointed secretary to the club I have had so much business. The proclamation I have copied many times and have sent them to our friends who are aviators at the front to drop them in the German towns. It has been a great work which I have done, because I have loved Jacquelaine.

⁂

AND now! There is the ingratitude. To-day I have accepted a card of her parents to acquaint me of their daughter's *fiançailles!* She goes to marry herself with a captain of artillery. To-morrow I shall call to congratulate and I wonder now will she want to suicide herself for the France. Me, I shall do no more that propagand.

Your friend, AGNÈS.

*NEXT WEEK'S BYSTANDER will be a*

# *SPECIAL CAMOUFLAGE NUMBER.*

In order to camouflage the value of the number and deceive the bookstall clerk into accepting the usual price, this number, which will really be an eighteenpenny one, will be marked outside as costing 9d. (the usual price).

*On Sale Wednesday, March 20th.* *Usual price, 9d.*

# The Web of Wire

AMERICAN SPIDER (*just come over*): "Gee-whiz! Some fly!"

# THE FREAKS AT THE NEW

HELEN FERRERS AND FRED KERR AS ORDINARY MORTALS

LAURA COWIE AND BEN WEBSTER AS EXTRAORDINARY MORTALS

BY "JINGLE"
*Illustrated by*
*LEWIS BAUMER*

THE purpose of Sir Arthur Pinero's new play would appear to be to demonstrate that even freaks may have hearts as true and loyal as any that beat beneath more aristocratic waistcoats (or their feminine equivalent, as the case may be). We have Horatio Tilney, the World-Renowned Living Skeleton, also a Russian Giant, a Pair of Dwarfs, with a pronounced Chicago accent, and a Human Serpent who can twist herself into a knot that ten men could not undo. The obvious omission from the list is that of the usual fat woman; but I suppose any side-show advertising a fat woman would have the Food Controller promptly round at the early doors for the professional secret—as far, of course, as it could be given in polite details.

ROSA BALMANO IN PROFESSIONAL COSTUME

✲

MRS. HERRICK, a lady of the suburbs, is own sister to the man who once exhibited these freaks and who has since died—perhaps as a warning to others; you never know. But the showman left a will under which each of the freaks received a small annuity, and in which his sister, Mrs. Herrick, was asked to receive them at her house from time to time, and be a sister to them or something of that sort. And one day they all turn up in the suburban drawing-room. Tilney, the skeleton, is, as it happens, a man of some family, and Sheila, the daughter of the house, promptly falls in love with him. Perhaps it occurred to her that a man who went without food for a living would be a distinctly eligible *parti* in these wonderful days.

✲

TILNEY does not attempt to deny to himself that Sheila is the light of his life, and all that sort of thing. The young people play tennis together, and weed the flower beds, and generally pursue that horticultural phenomenon known as the primrose path of dalliance. So that the first faint flutterings of the heart on either side rapidly develop into thumping love of the ripest kind. At the same time Ronald, the son of the house, falls to a similarly intense extent in love with the Human Serpent, a delightful little creature, with a Cockney accent that you could cut with a knife. Both these unlikely couples live in their fools' paradise for some time, until one day the Human Serpent comes to Tilney, who is a sort of father to the troupe, and says that Ronald has asked her to be his wife and what ought she to do about it.

ISOBEL ELSOM AS 'SHEILA'

✲

THEN Tilney's conscience, which hitherto appears to have been in a rather debilitated condition, suddenly blooms into fine robust health. He is desperately in love

(*Continued on page 566*)

# "In Gems and Jewels, Silk and Lace . . ."

*Photograph* *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS JOSEPHINE EARLE

Who is one of the principal attractions at the Empire, where "The Lilac Domino," an American musical play—but, wonder of wonders, with hardly any "rag-time" in it!—is drawing big houses

with Sheila, but to repay the kindness of their hostess by marrying into her family would be abhorrent to every right-minded freak. It is true that by this time Tilney has lost a good deal of his freakish appearance and has become a normal and quite interesting young man; but the lure of the sawdust and orange peel is upon him all the while, and he knows that at the first opportunity he will be back again in the first freak museum that offers him a living wage. He hints as much to Sheila while he is explaining that, alas! it can never be, or words to that effect; and when she asks him whether he prefers side-show life to her warm young love, he feels compelled to leave her under the impression that that is just what is the matter with him. Mr. Ben Webster handles this part with remarkable skill, and the eloquent silence that portrays the agony of mind through which he is passing is most convincing. Conversely, the Human Serpent, delightfully represented by Miss Laura Cowie, mingles her tears with those of her own infatuated admirer as she breaks the news that she feels it her duty to go back and do business at the old stand.

⁂

A good deal of the play is taken up with the sad story of the Russian Giant, who avails himself of Mrs. Herrick's hospitality in order to have a bad illness with a dangerous crisis in it. The other members of the troupe are greatly concerned about their sick friend; but as we saw him but once, and that for only a few minutes, it seems hardly fair to ask us to take a very great interest in the course of his untimely indisposition. The Human Serpent, however, finding a parson in the house, appeals to him to say a prayer or something for the afflicted and distressed freak in the front bedroom. And so everyone kneels, and the clergyman opens a Bible and is beginning to read from it when the curtain mercifully falls. Really, you know! I mean, in these days we love our padres, and all that, but we don't expect them to come butting in at any old time.

⁂

Fred Kerr and Miss Helen Ferrers represent most ably an extremely amusing couple, Sir Norton Ball-Jennings and his lady, who have raised selfishness to the level of a fine art. To begin with, they are people of reduced income, who are practically in receipt of Mrs. Herrick's charity; but they grumbled unceasingly at every kind of household arrangement. And when Sir Norton, by way of giving everybody a treat, imposes silence while he pompously reads a fragment from "Macbeth," in the manner of a halting schoolboy, the tin hat may be said to have been put on it. This is quite the most humorous item in a play that is perhaps hardly the "stuff to give us" in these days of stress and strain. JINGLE

# "And Fight Their Battles O'er Again"

The largest photograph in the world is now on exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. This huge picture, showing the preparations for battle on the Western front, is being visited by interested crowds, and it has no more enthusiastic admirers than the soldiers to whom every detail of it is familiar from their own experience

# Telling the Tale

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

OF all the strange rumours which reach Mr. Thomas Atkins at the front perhaps one of the strangest is that there is a food shortage in Blighty. The German Wireless, having had of late a scarcity of the usual daily victories to report, has got to find a job for its underworked staff, anyhow. It therefore employs them in the intervals in the dissemination of polite fiction. When the Psalmist said in his haste that all men are liars, he had never heard of the German Wireless. Otherwise, his qualifying adjective would have probably been very instructive, even to those who lay claim to a certain proficiency in that sort of thing. The idea is, apparently, to convince Mr. Atkins that while he is "out there" living riotously on bully beef and ship's biscuit, and tea made in a tin hat, we at home have to depend upon a municipal menu consisting chiefly of stray bits of oilcloth and old bootlaces scientifically camouflaged into soup and sausage.

❋

THIS latest move has, doubtless, been provoked by an observation of the effect of depressing home news on Fritz. Quite recently the German authorities had to discourage families from writing the news of home to their soldier-men at the front, for fear it should occur to Fritz that whatever it is he is fighting for it isn't worth it. The latest analysis of German bread shows that it is made to a large extent of chopped hay and brickdust, and it hardly seems worth while to have gone on winning glorious victories for three and a half years in order to enable the family to worry along on a diet of that kind. And even at that they have to present their cards before they can be introduced to it.

❋

AS a matter of fact, the chief trouble of the average careful man is that if he tries conscientiously to live up to his prescribed ration he runs a grave risk of overfeeding himself. There are grousers of course; but I have no doubt whatever that there are men who will want to criticise the shape of their harps in heaven. In the old days I have seen City men drop in for a light lunch, consisting of a plateful of oysters, turtle soup, half a chicken, and a wad of cheese, with a market bunch of asparagus just to round off the period, as it were. Whatever those men are doing now, you may be sure that they are quarrelling with their victuals. But then some people never reckon they have had enough till they have had too much.

❋

THE grumbler is a great asset to the German propaganda. The lie that is a half-truth has always been harder to hit in the neck than the unblushing thumper. It is true that most of us eat less now than we did in the old reckless days; but, as it turns out, we are all benefiting amazingly by the change. It seems that indigestion is now an unknown complaint in Blighty, and the people who used to make fortunes by selling stuff in boxes and bottles to cure that sort of thing have had to give up business and go into munitions instead. No doubt when the Germans get to hear of this failure of a great industry they will find a way of assuring Mr. Atkins that the commercial supremacy of the old country is on the wane and off the line; but Tommy won't worry about that.

❋

WHEN the Munchausens of the German Wireless cannot make a "story" out of our alleged food shortage, they get busy with picturesque fictions of a popular rising in Bloomsbury Square or somewhere thereabouts. This is intended not only to worry Thos. Atkins, but also to keep up the debilitated pecker of Fritz at home and abroad. There was an exciting story quite recently of a fearful fight in the West-end of London, when even well-dressed ladies joined in an attack on a large general store. As it happens, this story is quite true. There was a white sale on at the establishment in question, and what the German spy took for a food riot was nothing more than the usual feminine scramble for the best bargain in—er—let it go at that.

❋

FOR many years the more thoughtful among us assured the rest of us that as individuals we ate too much. We did not believe it then; but now we find that we were being told the truth after all. Thanks to Jack and Tommy we have enough to eat, and no really nice person wants more than that. In fact, in spite of German propaganda, our kind friends in front may rest assured that Blighty stands where it did, and it has no intention of sitting down to oblige the foreign foe.

1960

# PELMANISM.

## "The Little Grey Books."

No books have achieved greater popularity during the war than "the little grey books," as they are affectionately called.

Soldiers pore over them in the trenches; sailors con them in their brief intervals of leisure in the Grand Fleet; business men and women consult them at every possible opportunity; lawyers, doctors, and students declare them to be an ever-ready source of help, stimulation, and encouragement.

In fact, everybody is studying these wonderful "little grey books" in which the principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly explained: "Pelmanism"—that extraordinary new force in modern life—the "cardinal factor of success," to quote TRUTH'S telling phrase.

If you do not know the "little grey books," if you are not a Pelmanist, you should hasten to make up for lost time. "Nobody who has not studied these books," says an ardent Pelmanist, "can conceive the immeasurable benefits resulting from them."

"A single one of them would be cheap to me at a hundred pounds," declares a solicitor. "As a direct consequence of them I gained a step in promotion," writes a Lieut.-General.

A General writes from France: "The importance of the Pelman Course can hardly be exaggerated. I agree it should be nationalised."

Many clerks, shop assistants and salesmen tell how they doubled and trebled their incomes as the result of a few weeks' study of the Pelman Course. Tradesmen tell of "record turnover" and 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. increase in profits. The latest batch of reports from Pelman students (including men and women of all occupations in life) show that less than one per cent.—not one in a hundred—failed to gain substantial advantages from the Pelman Course.

And all at the price of half an hour or so a day for a few weeks! It sounds too good to be true; but there are thousands of letters to prove that it is absolutely true. There is not a class, not a business or trade or profession, in these islands in which Pelmanism has not proved itself a wonderful help to success. That is to say, a means of increasing efficiency and developing "braininess" to such a degree that promotion and a bigger salary follow as surely as night follows day.

Women are particularly keen on Pelmanism; it has proved such an enormous help to them in "getting on" in business. Many of them describe it as "the best investment I have ever made!"

Moreover, they find it a truly fascinating study. "I am genuinely sorry the course has finished. I have found it so absorbingly interesting as well as profitable." These are the exact words used by students of the Pelman Course.

TRUTH has lately made another report upon the progress of Pelmanism amongst various classes, and confesses it would be impossible to name a business, profession, or vocation in which there were not hundreds of Pelman students.

Army and Navy officers are very "keen on Pelman," nearly 80 Generals and Admirals, as well as over 20,000 other officers and men, are studying the course. A large number of readers of THE BYSTANDER and other leading journals have taken it, and have already profited by it in income and position.

The directors of the Institute have arranged a substantial reduction in the fee to enable the readers of THE BYSTANDER to secure the complete course with a minimum outlay.

**To get the benefit of this liberal offer application should be made at once by postcard to the address below.**

### INTERESTING LETTERS.

**From a Director.**

I consider the PELMAN Course is of the utmost value. It teaches one how to observe and to think in the right way, which few realise who have not studied it. The great charm to me was the realisation of greater power; power to train oneself for more and more efficiency. I gained from each lesson right up to the end of the Course.

**From a Clerk.**

Looking back over the time since I first enrolled for the Course, I marvel at the changed outlook and wide sphere which it opened out to me. The personal benefits are a great increase of self-confidence and a thousandfold better memory. If only the public *knew* your Course I am sure your office would be literally besieged by prospective students.

**From a Works Manager.**

Your System has certainly been of great assistance to me in a variety of ways. Up to recently I was works manager for a big firm of yarn spinners, but have now attained the position of right-hand man to the owners, being removed from the executive to the administrative side of the business.

**From a Bank Cashier.**

I have much pleasure in testifying to the practical value of the PELMAN System as a means of developing one's mental powers. My chief regret is that I did not take the Course years ago. I have found the training of great value in clearness of mental vision, quickness of decision and greater self-confidence. The outlay is quite nominal compared with the great advantages attained.

**From a Textile Buyer.**

From my own experience I would strongly recommend the PELMAN Course to all who are ambitious and keenly desirous of success. Perhaps its greatest value is that it causes one to feel more independent of circumstances of any and every kind; it tends to transfer our destiny from chance into our own keeping.

**From a Coach Builder.**

It is a pleasure to me to express my appreciation of the PELMAN System. My powers of observation and concentration have increased so enormously that it seems scarcely possible for such improvements to have taken place in so short a time. There seems to me no limit to the possibilities of the System.

### IMMEDIATE BENEFIT.

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A full description of the Pelman Course, with a complete synopsis of the lessons, is given in "Mind and Memory," a free copy of which (together with TRUTH'S special supplement on "Pelmanism") will be sent post free to all readers of THE BYSTANDER who send a postcard to The Pelman Institute, 27, Wenham House, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C. 1.

# The Flaw in the Argument

By CHRISTOPHER DRUCE

"THAT'S not so," Dickie asserted, with all the accumulated wisdom of twenty years. "Women are the least sentimental of all people. It's purely a matter of policy with them; when sentiment ceases to have a practical value they chuck it on one side."

Jasper turned and regarded him. When one has reached the age of twenty-seven and the rank of Captain, there is always Experience, in the abstract, if not concrete, to support one in matching views with a twenty-year-old subaltern, even though both be on leave.

Moreover, they had lunched uncommonly well, and, though the afternoon was now far advanced, wine always had the effect of making Jasper sententious.

"Ah," he said, solemnly, "wait till you're a bit older. I could give you instances to prove how absolutely wrong you are."

"Well, the doormat is not the most comfortable place to discuss your lurid past," suggested Dickie respectfully, "aren't you going to let us in?"

Jasper searched slowly through his pockets, and ultimately producing the latchkey, unlocked the outer door of his chambers.

"I never can make out," said Dickie, reflectively, "why you're allowed to have chambers in Lincoln's Inn. You've got nothing more to do with law than I have, if one excepts a tolerably intimate knowledge of the law of writs."

Jasper was examining the letters which lay on the hall table. "Oh, a little influence—" he hinted darkly over his shoulder. Dickie removed his overcoat and cap, selected a peg on which to hang them, and, with the freedom of an old friend, made his way through the door on the left into the sitting room.

"The woman who looks after the chambers will have gone by now," Jasper called after him. "You might get the whiskey out of the cupboard. You'll find glasses and a siphon on the sideboard."

"Hello!" Dickie's surprise was genuine. "What's this?"

Jasper followed him into the room, crumpling up a circular in his hand.

"What? Oh, that——"

He pulled up short at the sight of the small bunch of snowdrops which lay on the table.

"Would it be indiscreet to ask?" suggested Dickie, helping himself to a cigarette from the box on the mantelpiece, and throwing himself down into the more comfortable of the two armchairs.

The best traditions of the situation required that Jasper should growl out, "It would be very indiscreet," and should thereupon change the subject. Jasper fully appreciated this; but, after all, he was only twenty-seven. . . .

He measured out two liberal doses of whiskey, added a splash of soda water to each, handed one to Dickie, and swallowed about half of the other. He looked at Dickie over the edge of his glass, searching in his mind for the most effective opening.

"It isn't the sort of story one tells as a rule," he said. It was evident that he had every intention of telling it, and Dickie, unable to hit on the appropriate word of encouragement, decided that none was necessary.

"But," Jasper continued pompously, "it might be good for you to see how hopelessly inaccurate your theories turn out to be when one comes up against the facts of life." He examined the bunch of flowers, turning them over in his hand.

"She's tied them up with red wool," said Dickie, with interest.

"Yes," Jasper's voice was very reminiscent; "yes, red wool. She always did that. . . . I'll call her Mary Hodgkinson," he said, after a long pause, still standing by the table. "That wasn't her real name, of course. I was introduced to her at a dinner party in Queen's Gate Gardens."

"That wasn't the real address, I suppose?" enquired Dickie.

Jasper ignored the interruption.

"I took her into dinner, and we talked to each other nearly the whole evening. We had much in common. She was one of the most intellectual women I have ever met."

Dickie reluctantly decided that his prospects of hearing the end of the story would be prejudiced if he asked what it was that they had in common under those circumstances.

"I am usually rather slow in getting to know people," Jasper avowed, "but I was determined to see her again, and I asked if I might call. She seemed to hesitate, but she couldn't very well refuse a direct request like that, and she gave me permission. . . . Well, I needn't go into details of our meetings. Of course, I called as soon as I could. And we met again at friends' houses after. And then we began to arrange meetings—one forgets the incidents that marked the stages of our acquaintanceship."

"I should have thought you would remember them all," put in Dickie.

"So I do," stated Jasper hastily, "every single one of them. I hoped you wouldn't press that point. There are some things too sacred to talk about—memories one prefers to keep to oneself—you understand."

His obvious emotion necessitated recourse to his glass of whiskey, which he finished at a gulp. He helped himself to another, and looked across at Dickie, but that converted cynic had left his glass almost untouched.

"There was only one thing that troubled me," Jasper resumed. "She was always very friendly, and I knew she liked me; but I could see that there was something restraining her; something that made her anxious to keep me at a distance. . . . At last—when I had known her about two months—the day came when she told me that she was to be married shortly. It came as a complete surprise to me. I had never asked her about herself; I had been content to see her, just to be with her sometimes. I tried to persuade myself that she had been deceiving me, but I knew that she was too good and noble for that, and I could not disguise from myself the fact that the fault had been all mine. If I had only had the sense to see it, all the things that had puzzled me in her manner pointed to this. I could not blame Ethel."

"Mary," prompted Dickie.

Jasper gave a reasonably good imitation of a bitter laugh. "Mary. Yes; I was forgetting her name was Mary. Of course, neither was her real name."

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## THE NEW INFERNO

*(With apologies to Dante)*

"*THE FLAW IN THE ARGUMENT*" (*concluded*)

"Of course," Dickie nodded his head; "quite."

"We talked for nearly an hour that day," said Jasper tragically. "I suppose I said things that I had no right to say. And she admitted to me that she had made a mistake—the old, old mistake—with all the old arguments about honour and duty, and not going back on her word. It was useless to try and shake her conviction—I had no right to try. But she knew, when we parted, that she took my heart with her, and left me with nothing but a memory."

Jasper spoke with a certain gloomy satisfaction.

"The eve of her wedding came. It was a beautiful summer day." His eye fell on the snowdrops in his hand. "In February," he added, "a crisp sunny day, almost like midsummer. I walked all day long. And when I came back to my rooms I found a little bunch of snowdrops, just like this, done up with red wool. I knew what it meant." He bent to straighten a rug on the floor, averting his face. "White for purity, and red for love," he said in a muffled voice. "That is all the consolation I have. . . . That was five years ago, and every year, on the same day, I find this little bunch of flowers on my table. I never see her. She always manages to come at a time when I am out. I have thought of waiting in all day, but I know she would not wish it. It is better like this."

He stopped, to give more weight to his peroration; but he was forestalled by a knock on the door. Dickie sat up.

"Hadn't I better go out by the other door?" he asked, tactfully. "If she's come back to see you——"

Jasper, in a world of his own, did not answer. He stared, fascinated, at the door. Nothing would have surprised him at this moment.

The handle turned, and the door slowly opened, to admit a middle-aged little woman in a black bonnet and coat.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," she said, hovering in the doorway, "I came back for them flowers I left. Mrs. James, as does for the gentleman below, she brought them up from 'er garden for me to take 'ome to my boy. 'E's not quite right in 'is 'ead, sir, and it does 'im good to 'ave a few flowers now and then."

Dickie gazed open-mouthed at the embarrassed Jasper.

"You damned liar," he said, slowly, with reluctant admiration. CHRISTOPHER DRUCE

*Photograph* *Claude Harris*

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Who is appearing as "The Youngest Flapper" in the popular play, "Yes, Uncle," transferred last week from the Prince of Wales Theatre to the Prince's Theatre

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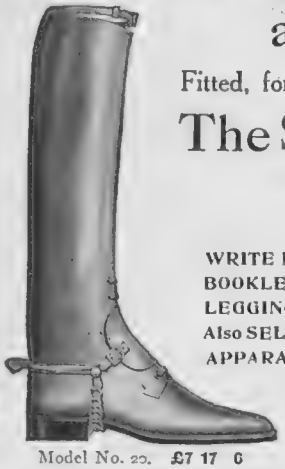

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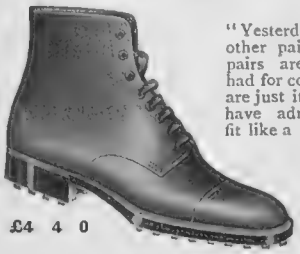

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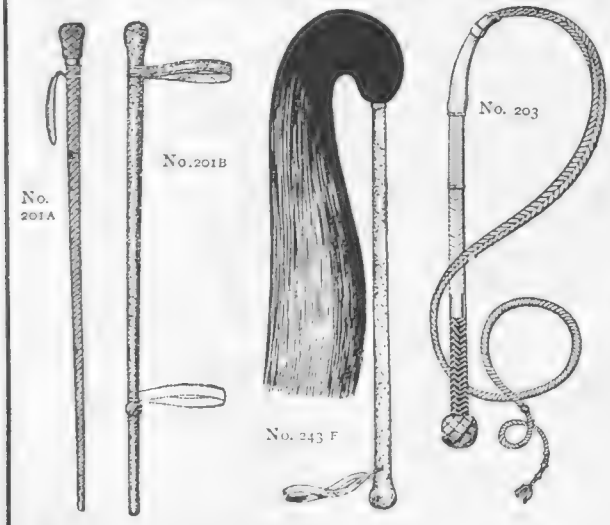


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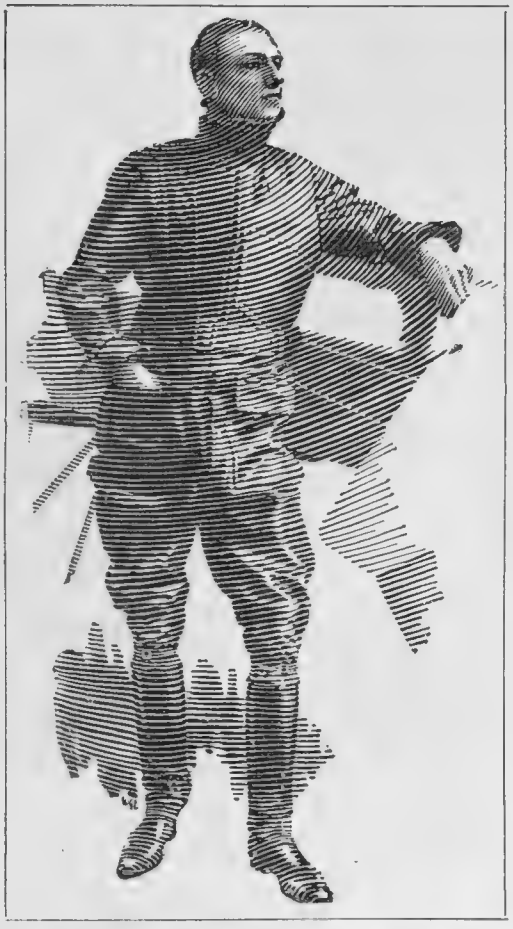

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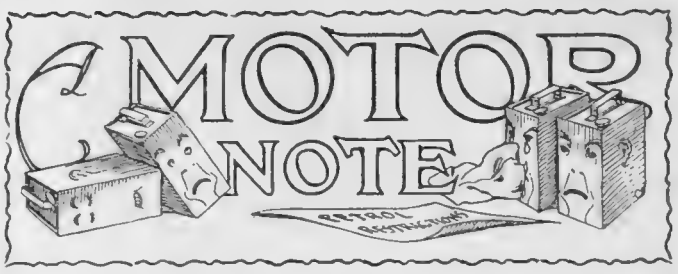


### A Birthday

On the occasion of his seventieth birthday, Sir Frank Bowden was recently the recipient of his portrait in oils and an address of affection and respect from his 2000 workpeople in the Raleigh Cycle Company, now, of course, engaged upon munitions. It was a very notable demonstration of the cordiality of the relationship between employer and employed which has always been a feature of Sir Frank's thirty years' direction of one of the most considerable undertakings of its kind in this country. Replying to the address he emphasised the essential virtues of some homespun axioms as a guide to success and as the anchor of individual happiness, and gave concrete expression to his own appreciation of the kindness of his staff by donating £2,000 to the Nottingham hospital to endow two cots, and £1,000 to the social work of the Salvation Army. I add my own congratulations to the Raleigh staff upon the possession of such a chief and to the chief upon his arrival in a very fit condition at the alleged limit of man's days, coupled with the hope that he will exceed that limit by many years of virility and the quiet content that comes of a long life well spent.

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### The Boy in Industry

The boy in industry has recently been bulking large in the social problem arena, and his welfare has been the subject of many discussions, official and private. The Ministry of Munitions has just issued a 50-page report of a conference of Boys' Welfare Supervisors, wherefrom one thing at least emerges, namely, that we've been wasting our boy in the factory by not looking after him and training him in order to produce a valuable citizen and a skilful industrial asset. We have just let him rampage around and finished with him when clocking-off time arrived. We are now discovering that he might generally have grown into a very much more useful man of very much larger powers. We have discovered that man power in the State is vastly important and is measured not by noses, but by brains and the ability to use them.

### B.S.A. Welfare

In this connection, and as justification for a reference to the matter in these columns, the work of the B.S.A. Company is notable. There, *pace* Mr. W. L. Bayley, O.B.E., the training of boys is regarded as a matter of duty to them, not as a commercial or philanthropic undertaking. The boys are instructed not only to become good craftsmen, but in subjects of general education, such as elementary mathematics, drawing, etc.; and in physical culture. In short, the B.S.A. Company is keeping well in the van of modern welfare work, and the results cannot fail to be of individual and national value.

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### The Austin Contribution

The Austin people had a field day when the tank bank was at Birmingham, 125,000 war saving certificates, representing £96,875, being taken up by the employés. The cheque was driven to the tank in state and Austin armoured cars, preceded by the Austin band, and guarded by Austin volunteers.

Do Your Best to make your "After the War" Car the best on the road by specifying a "C.A.V." Lighting and Starting Set.—C. A. Vandervell and Co., Ltd., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W. 3.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. Claudel Hobson Carburetters are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W

# The Heart of the Car.

In physiology the heart is the vital part which determines life and action. Comparable with the human heart in its determination of action is the engine of the motor car.

Ample proof of Daimler superiority in this vital connection is available. Apart from its wonderful service overseas, the Daimler Sleeve-Valve Engine established a record nine years ago that has never since been attempted.

The Daimler Sleeve-Valve Engine—with its permanent valve setting, absence of springs, cams, tappets, and the sources of trouble common to the poppet-valve design—is like a perfect heart in a healthful system. It is unrivalled for simplicity, silence and flexibility, and will out-last any other production.

Daimler

The Daimler Company, Ltd., Coventry.

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# FEMINA

## Woman's Little War Worries

## COMPENSATIONS

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

THERE is a tension in the atmosphere this spring, a suspense that would be unbearable to some impatient and emotional natures if we were not so busy!

Women have learnt lately the secret men have known for so many long years—how to fence with worry. It used to seem to many a woman, even a few seasons ago, that men were marvels of callousness or blindness or selfishness, because they went off to their office or their club, or their haunt of amusement, and came back cheerful—though the worry was still there.

The trouble, or the tiff, that had spoilt her day, had made no alteration in his, and it seemed as if he tackled it with wholly unfair lightness and optimism when they met again.

But it was a fine art on his part which she had not learnt—then. She knows it now.

And worry is relegated to the background, while she goes on her way elsewhere, and waits or works until the cloud rolls by.

Man always had the instinct for finding compensations. If there was "trouble to herward," he walked away from it instead of going to meet it, and found the next best person or thing, while she—foolish one!—stayed at home, idle perhaps, but at all events given over to brooding, and magnified the molehill into a mountain.

The war has taught her many lessons, great and small, and amongst them the exercise of the law of compensation.

She no longer makes her "exit, muttering, with dark lantern through gap in hedge." The gap may be a temporary vacancy or a terrible gash that has cut out part of her heart's life. But she finds a way to fill it, or to screen it even from her own acute perception. If the worry is a quarrel with "him," she does not write letters (because she has not time) or compose long speeches of recrimination. She leaves him severely alone—as he used to leave her—and when he renews the subject she is able to tell him quite truthfully that she has not had a moment to think about it. So they meet on equal terms, and her sense of humour and of fairness not being unbalanced by an oblique consideration of her own point of view, comes to their mutual rescue.

*Photograph* *Dobson Studios*

MISS MARY MERRALL

Who is appearing as Judith Abbott in "Daddy Long Legs," now touring the London suburban theatres

Or if the untoward circumstance is that her horizon is a literal no-man's-land, and she feels herself unkind, she finds still a future that is not wholly unattractive in some special line of action, and aptitude, that will fill the heretofore empty day and bring her an acquired content.

Again, suppose her cloud to be that of advancing age, one of the natural accidents of life that affects her happiness so much more than a man's, and makes one believe that the preponderance of women was a law of nature from the beginning of time, and had to be met by limiting her duration of outward attractiveness.

She used to mind this very much, and to feel that to be on the shelf as a back number was an intolerable misery. She minds it very little now. Grey hair and wrinkles no longer mean superannuation. Every year brings her fresh experience and capability, and draws the prizes of life's work nearer to her. She can have as many friendships with men as she chooses, if she chooses, because in these exigent days a woman of brains, who knows how to use them; of good temper, who knows how to keep it; of good heart, who knows how to assist the world's work and the men who are doing it; is a helpmate they are glad to work with.

Often they give their leisure and their lighter thoughts to the girls whose beauty of youth claims that playtime of their lives; but they give their ambition, their pursuit of a career, their zest in climbing the ladder and their admiring gratitude and affection to the climber at their side.

The woman evolved by war out of the crucible can be a grandmother, or a spinster grand-aunt, and yet have a more stable and absorbing interest in life, a greater certainty of unchangeable friendship from a man, whether he is her husband or her friend, or both together, than she had when she was in her teens or early twenties.

# Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

### The Check Season Is In

AND of this there is no possible doubt. Nearly every spring, in a greater or less degree, checks and plaids assert themselves. But it is long since we had such an influx as this year. In store for us are regiments of shepherd's plaids, both in the regulation black and white and colours, also grey over-checks. The latter are veritable gentlemen's suitings; and as a matter of fact many superfine cloths originally destined for the other sex are finding their way into the *salons* of the ladies' tailors; and doubtless these stuffs are responsible for the straight, mannish coats that are creeping into favour. Completed by severely pressed flat, pleated skirts, there are achieved suits that can only be approved and coveted.

Some of the coats close with a single link button at the base of long lapels, others opening on *chic* double-breasted little waistcoats of plain cloth, which can either be fixed in permanently or arranged separately.

Another item in connection with these popular grey check suits are smart little pull-on hats of grey stockinette, the brims faced up with black or some dark-coloured satin. The cute milliner adds a scarf to match, to be worn just flung round the throat. A case in point comprised a suit built of a tweed that, in addition to the usual over-check, was furthermore embellished with a fine line of blue—a light Navy tone—the accompanying hat and stole being o grey stockinette and soft blue satin.

Soft check woollens figure as facings and trimmings on quite a number of the spring models, in charmingly vivid colours, such as jade green, mastic, rose, brick red, purple, etc. I saw a fascinating Navy blue gown, of coat-frock order, that boasted swing panels embroidered in a check design in brick-red wool, a roll over collar of white flannel cloth having similar squares worked round the edges.

### Vogue of the Cavalry Cloak

SOME of us have certain lingering doubts as to the sound practicability of cloaks in these rush-and-tumble days, though there can be no two opinions of their supreme elegance. That they are already being seen in wear in exclusive circles goes for much, and of the several styles essayed, "Noreen" has elected to portray, on the next page, one that has a decided element of reason in the arm slits. As can be easily deduced from the sketch, these slits when not in use disappear in the folds, and leave no trace of their existence. Indeed the whole affair seems to be a pretty plagiarism of the Australian soldier's mackintosh cloak.

And what nicer for immediate wear than a Navy velour finished cloth, with collar of stone-grey *faille*, the cloak lined throughout with soft grey serge, silk, or satin? Such a combination could be worn with almost any gown or skirt, and with grey a feature of the scheme, there is pictured a grey over-check *jupe*, and blue toque trimmed with grey Terry ribbon, grey stockings and shoes and grey gauntlet gloves.

But if the cloak craze catches on to any extent, research will doubtless carry us back to the eighteenth and even the seventeenth centuries. Attention may be called to the possibility of such characteristic models as the whalebone hooded Belgian cloak, and flung-over Spanish *manteau*. It only requires the right people to take the text in hand to ensure an unqualified success.

AN AFTERNOON FROCK
In charmeuse, introducing the fashionable fringe trimming

### Deep Silk Fringes are Proving an Attractive Asset

IT may be, as was explained to me the other day, that fringes do not require any particular machinery or plant to produce them, and have for that reason sprung into vogue again; but in many cases they are exceedingly welcome, and in deep handsome lengths and expressions are prepared to do yeoman's service on both afternoon and evening gowns. Akin with other decorative details, fringes are used in detached pieces, an illustrated example being afforded in the afternoon or *demi-toilette* frock pictured on this page. This scheme in a delicate mastic *nuance* is carried out in *charmeuse* and pleated georgette, the distinctive

(Continued on page 584)